

STORY ABOUT A CHINAMAN

In a house in San Diego last Thursday in a room almost packed with flowers lay a Chinaman in a coffin. Six well-known white citizens were there as pallbearers. As people, coming in from the great crowd outside, passed the coffin and looked upon the corpse many of them wept. Even those called "our best citizens" were there to pay their last respects to the dead Chinaman, and everywhere you could hear people saying that he was "a good citizen," "a fair, square man," or "a man just and square in all his dealings," or "I know that once he came to the rescue of So-and-So's widow and children." It was evident that people of all creeds and colors honored and mourned the dead Chinaman lying there in the coffin.

Ah Quin came to this country 30 years ago, poor, ignorant of our ways and, of course, despised, being that he was a "Chink." Ah Quin became a Christian, poor, despised, yellow, but a Christian.

We all profess Christianity. We begin to get it at the cradle. From the first faint understanding of it in the Sunday school, up through the years to the funeral sermon over us, we feel that we are Christians. Many of us learn our Christianity as we do our mathematics, and use it as we do our clothes. Many of us think we have a mortgage on heaven simply because we are born and bred Christians. But, with Ah Quin it was different.

The heathen Ah Quin was born of a nation that makes practical application of religion in the public and individual life. Ah Quin was made to understand what Christ said and did, and Ah Quin said to himself that the preachings and deeds of Jesus were good. Believing these things to be good, Ah Quin faithfully practiced them, feeling, in his heathenish way, that a very good thing must be of high practical use.

Ah Quin opened a store. He did not misrepresent. He gave full value for his prices. He gained great reputation as a square man. He obeyed the laws. He helped the orphan. He loved all men. He stood the supreme test of sincere Christianity—Heaven help us educated Christians!—by honestly listing his property for taxation. He became father of twelve children whom he put into our Christian schools and colleges. He became rich.

Now, why do you think that those big crowds turned out to show respect for him at that funeral? It was not because he died rich, for even the very rich dead rarely get such great and sincere regret of their demise. Was it not because he had lived a rare life? Was it not because, amongst all those thousands of professed Christians, a poor Chinaman had lived, as nearly as he could, as Christ would have all us Christians live? Was it not because Ah Quin was a sermon, an example, an inspiration. They buried Ah Quin. They did not bury his splendid demonstration of the glorious influence of Christianity or his splendid demonstration of the fact that the lowliest man may rise to prosperity and honor through living in Christ. And mankind needs such practical demonstrations.

HE LIKED IT SO

"I gave Walter a beautiful necktie of my own make for a New Year present," said Mabel.

"Was he pleased?"

"Oh, yes; he said its beauty shall be for no other eyes than his own. Wasn't that lovely of him?"

CLEVER SCHEME

First Jeweler—Aren't you afraid to leave those diamonds in a front window at night?

Second Jeweler—Not with my scheme. Just before I go home I put in a little sign on them reading, "Anything in this window ten cents."